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ASSASSIN'S CREED® UPRISING



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ASSASSIN'S CREED® UPRISING

LOADING MEMORY 12...

For centuries, the Assassin Brotherhood has fought a covert war against their sworn enemies, the Templar Order. Via the Pieces of Eden — advanced relics left behind by a precursor race — the Templars seek to create a 'perfect' world governed by discipline and unity, directly contrasting the ideals of the Brotherhood, who strive to safeguard humanity's free will.

The Instruments of the First Will – a fanatical cult hoping to revive the Isu entity, **Juno**, and usher in a New World Order – now threatens to destroy both factions and bring humanity back to serve the Isu once more.

Forming a shaky alliance with Master Templar **Otso Berg, Charlotte de la Cruz** and her Assassin cell are all that stands between Juno and her malevolent machinations.

With Juno ressurected, the **Koh I Noor** within her grasp, and her loyal Instruments ready to strike at any moment, an Isu takeover is all but guaranteed. Can Charlotte and her *Assassin* cell prevail against overwhelming odds and put a stop to Juno's nefarious plans? Or is this the end of the world as we know it?

SYNCHRONIZING...
ACCESSING MEMORY
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RESURRECTION DAY-- A
DATE THAT WILL GO
DOWN IN THE ANNALS
OF THE HISTORY OF
OUR SECRET WAR AS
ONE OF THE DARKEST
FOR BOTH SIDES.

YET THE WORLD
WON'T KNOW
ANYTHING HAPPENED.




THEY WON'T KNOW HOW
MANY CORPSES LIE
UNDER THE AUSTRALIAN
DESERT, DECAYING IN
THOSE STAGNANT
METAL HALLWAYS.

I KNOW I WOULD
HAVE BEEN INSTRUCTED
NOT TO SPEAK TO
ANYONE OF WHAT
WENT DOWN, UNDER
ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.



IF WHAT TRANSPIRED
EVER GOT OUT,
THERE'D BE A WHOLE
LOT OF WAILING AND
GNASHING OF TEETH --
EXISTENTIAL DREAD
RISING LIKE BILE IN
THE THROAT OF THE
HUMAN RACE.

BUT, YOU KNOW WHAT?
FUCK THEM. THIS WAS
MY STORY. AND IT TOOK
EVERYTHING FROM ME.

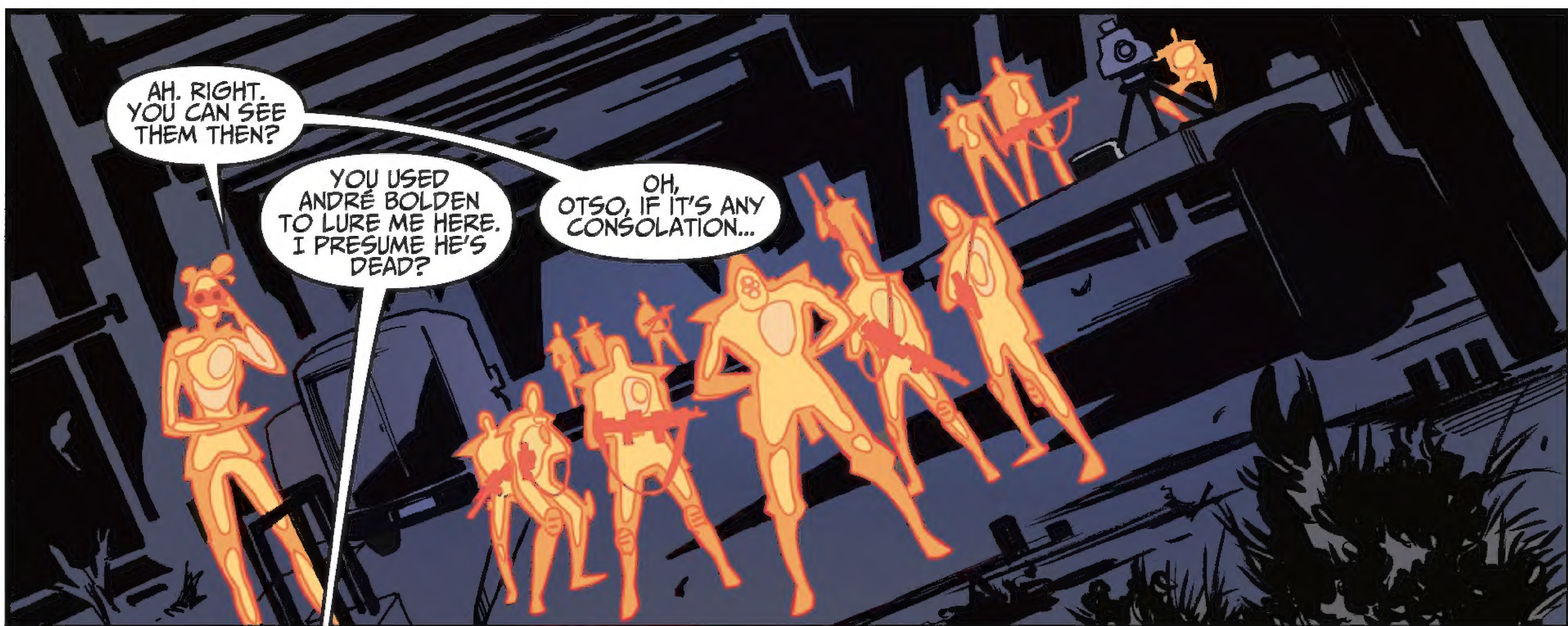
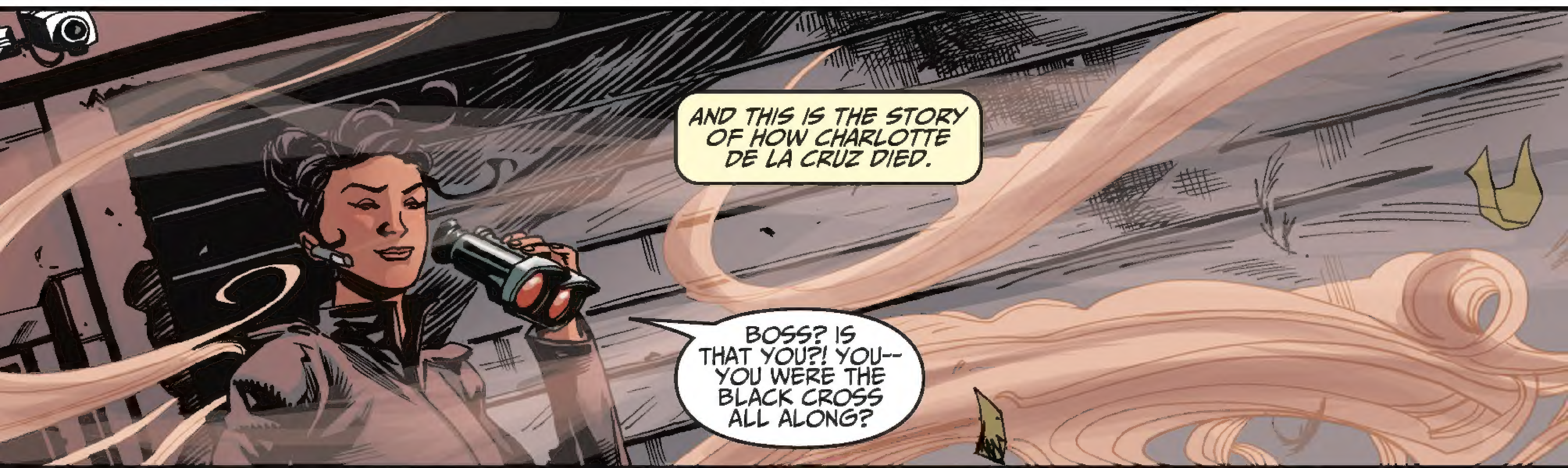


I KNOW THAT YOU'RE HERE, IN MY
HEAD, TRAVELING WITH ME, AS I
TRAVELED WITH OTHERS. IT'S
THE INEVITABLE CYCLE OF THIS
WORLD WE NOW LIVE IN-- THESE
MECHANICAL CIRCULAR RUINS.

I KNOW YOU TRAVEL WITH ME
NOW, FOR HOW CAN YOU RESIST?
THIS IS THE STORY OF HOW A
GOD WALKED ON THE EARTH FOR
THE FIRST TIME IN MILLENNIA...

VIOLET.

Gramática's lab.
The Front Door.



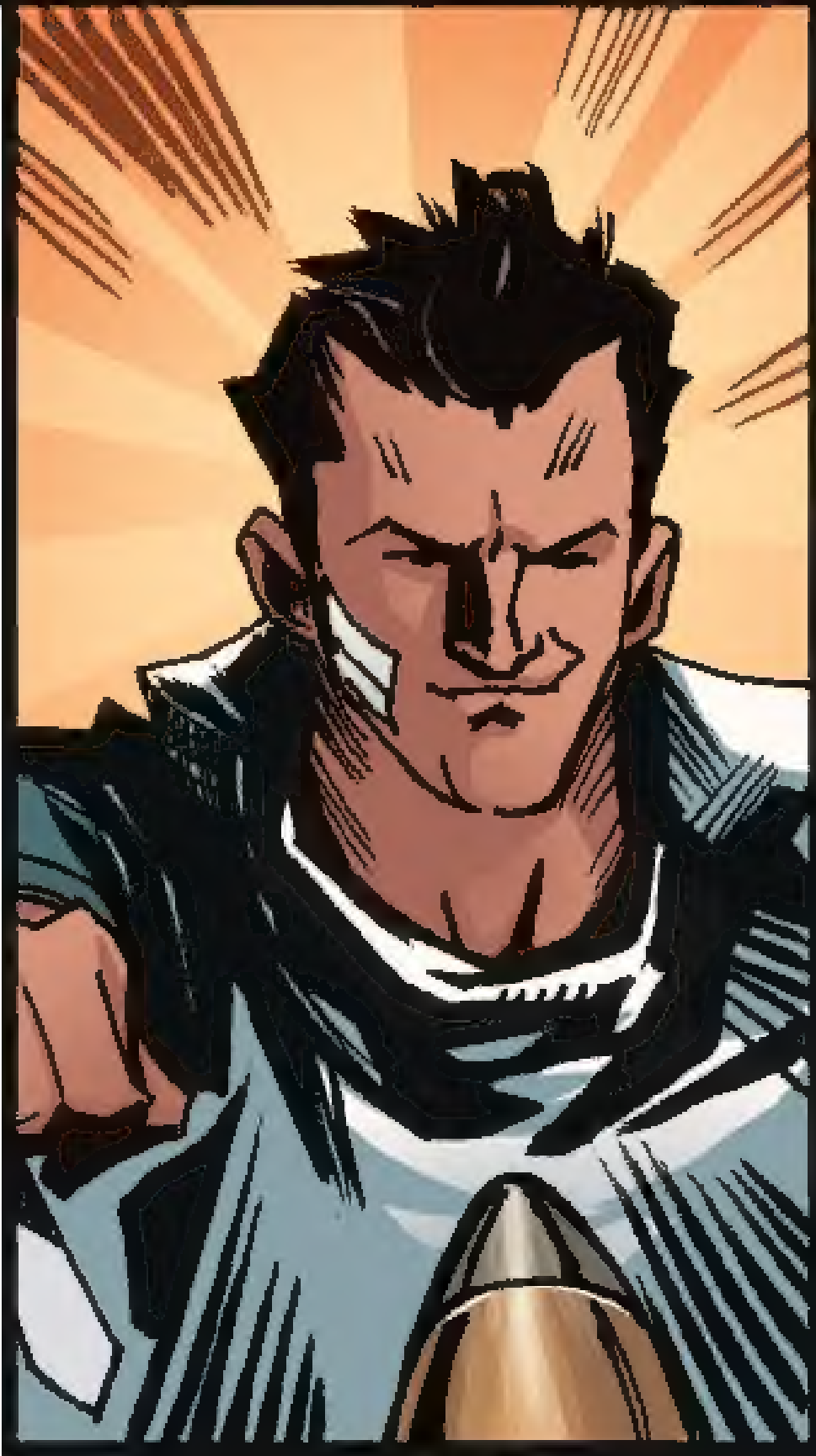


BERG. I'M AMAZED YOU'RE STILL STANDING IN THAT GET UP. IT'S 104 DEGREES OUTSIDE.

STILL, I THINK IT'S FITTING THAT WE'RE BOTH PROPERLY DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION. AFTER ALL, THIS IS A VERY SPECIAL DAY.

SHE'S COMING. WE ALL HAVE TO STEP OUT OF THE SHADOWS AND REVEAL OURSELVES NOW... IN PREPARATION FOR JUDGMENT.

...
YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN THE SHADOWS, DHAMI.



FUCK YOU, PREDATEL.



SHOOT HIM, FUCKING SHOOT HIM!



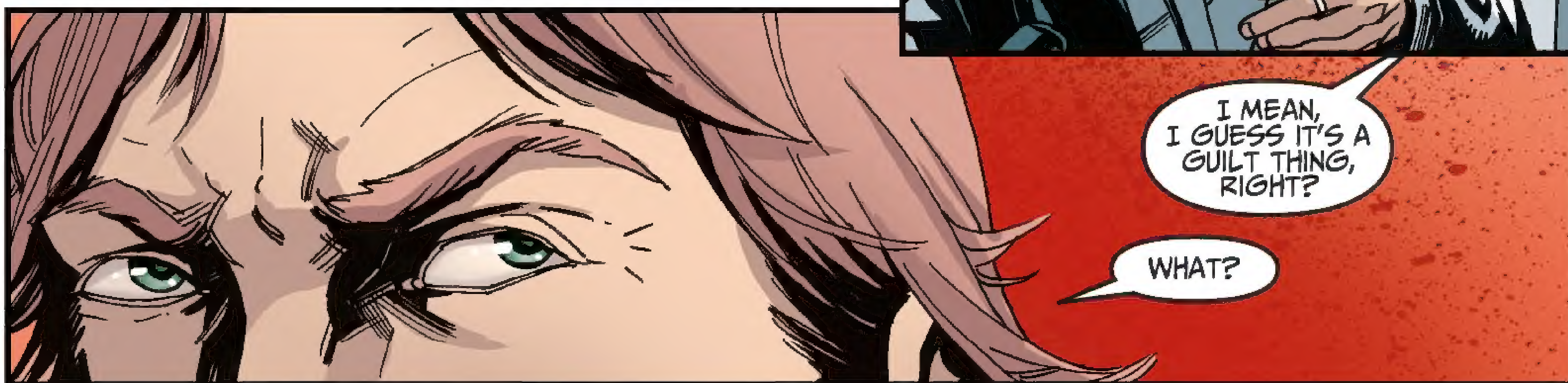
SOMETHING'S
WRONG WITH
THIS...

RICHMOND,
I WANTED TO
THANK YOU.



EVER SINCE I
WAS BROUGHT IN BY
THE INSTRUMENTS --
EVER SINCE MY TRUE
NATURE WAS REVEALED
TO ME -- YOU'RE THE
ONLY ONE HERE WHO'S
TRULY LOOKED OUT
FOR ME.

IT'S NO
PROBLEM, ELI, NO
PROBLEM.
THIS HAS BEEN
TAMPERED WITH.



I MEAN,
I GUESS IT'S A
GUILT THING,
RIGHT?

WHAT?



SHLUK

DID YOU
THINK I WAS ASLEEP,
WHEN VIOLET SENT
YOU TO GET ME? I
HEARD EVERYTHING,
RICHMOND.

I HEARD MY
MOTHER, BEGGING
FOR YOU NOT TO
TAKE HER ONLY SON
FROM HER.



I HEARD YOU
BOTH STRUGGLING IN
THE KITCHEN.

I HEARD,
FOR THE FIRST TIME,
HOW... **NORMAL** A BLADE
CUTTING THROUGH FLESH
SOUNDS; HOW EASILY
IT GETS LOST IN
THE SUBURBAN
CLAMOR.

LEAF BLOWER.
COFFEE GRINDER.
MURDER.



SHLOOP

YOU KILLED
MY MOTHER,
BOTH OF YOU.
AND I'VE WAITED
AND WAITED, AND
NOW JUNO
FINALLY HAS
A BODY...



Between the Doors
Somewhat lost.

AND THERE I STOOD,
WITH A NOSE AND
THROAT FULL OF SAND.

FUCK
THIS.

LOOKING FOR A
SINGLE GRATE IN
THE EVER-SHIFTING
DESERT, WITH ONLY
THE RICOCHETS OF
GUNFIRE IN EACH
DIRECTION TO
ORIENTATE MYSELF.

KNOWING THAT
EVERY BULLET
I HEARD MIGHT
BE ENTERING ONE
OF MY FRIENDS'
BODIES.

ABOUT A STORY
IN WHICH A MAN
DISCOVERS HE IS
ONLY A DREAM.

I REMEMBER
THINKING EVEN
THEN, THAT YOU
MUST HAVE BEEN
WATCHING ME.

AND THE SANDS
DON'T STOP SWIRLING
UNTIL I CAN'T SEE MY
FINGERS. I CAN'T TELL
WHERE I END AND THE
DESERT BEGINS.

IT'S LIKE I
DON'T EXIST.

AND I REMEMBER
DRINKING COLD BEER
WITH MY SHELL IN A
LONDON PUB THAT
SMELLED A LITTLE OF
PISS, AND TALKING
ABOUT JORGE LUIS
BORGES.

COME ON,
COME ON...

MY DESCENDANT,
PERHAPS -- IF I HAVE
ANY. PERHAPS A
STRANGER, VIOLATING
MY DNA TO LEARN
ABOUT THIS DAY.

I ALSO REMEMBER THINKING
THAT RIGHT NOW WAS A
REALLY BAD TIME FOR AN
EXISTENTIAL BREAKDOWN.

SO INSTEAD I FOCUS.
DID YOU FOCUS WITH
ME? WILL YOU?

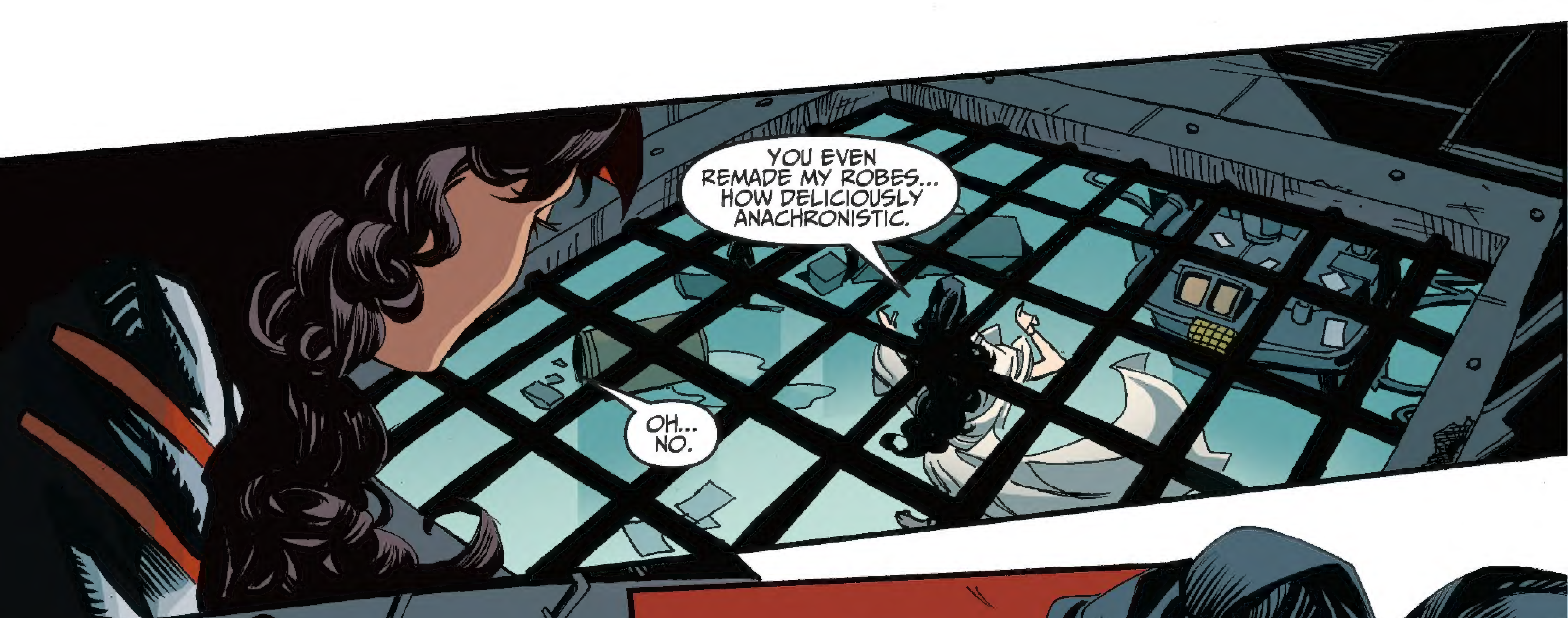
AND LOOK.

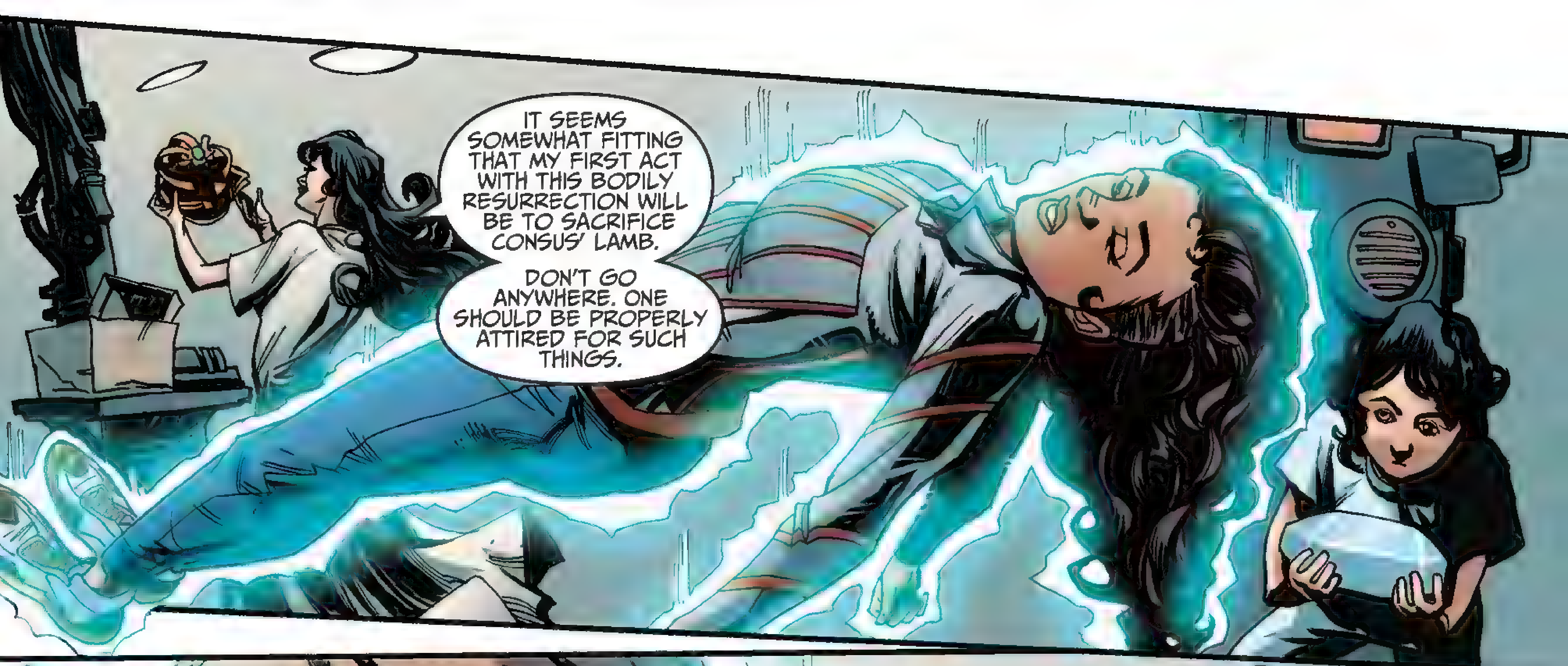
I SEE.
DO YOU?



IT IS ACCOMPLISHED!

THIS BODY... COURSES WITH ENERGY. THE SHROUD. OF COURSE. OUR OWN TECHNOLOGY, WOVEN INTO MY DNA.





IT SEEMS SOMEWHAT FITTING THAT MY FIRST ACT WITH THIS BODILY RESURRECTION WILL BE TO SACRIFICE CONSUS' LAMB.

DON'T GO ANYWHERE. ONE SHOULD BE PROPERLY ATTIRRED FOR SUCH THINGS.



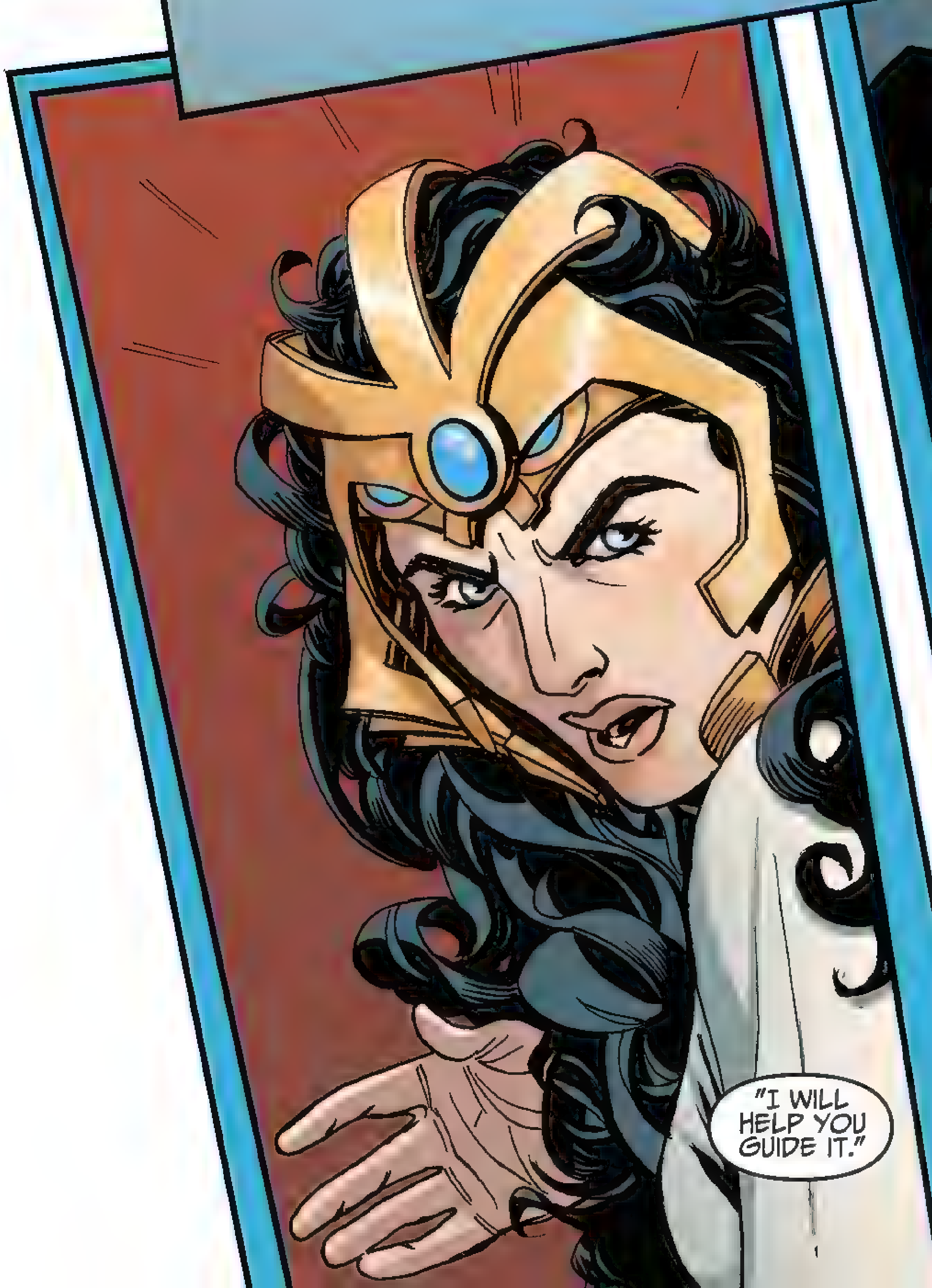
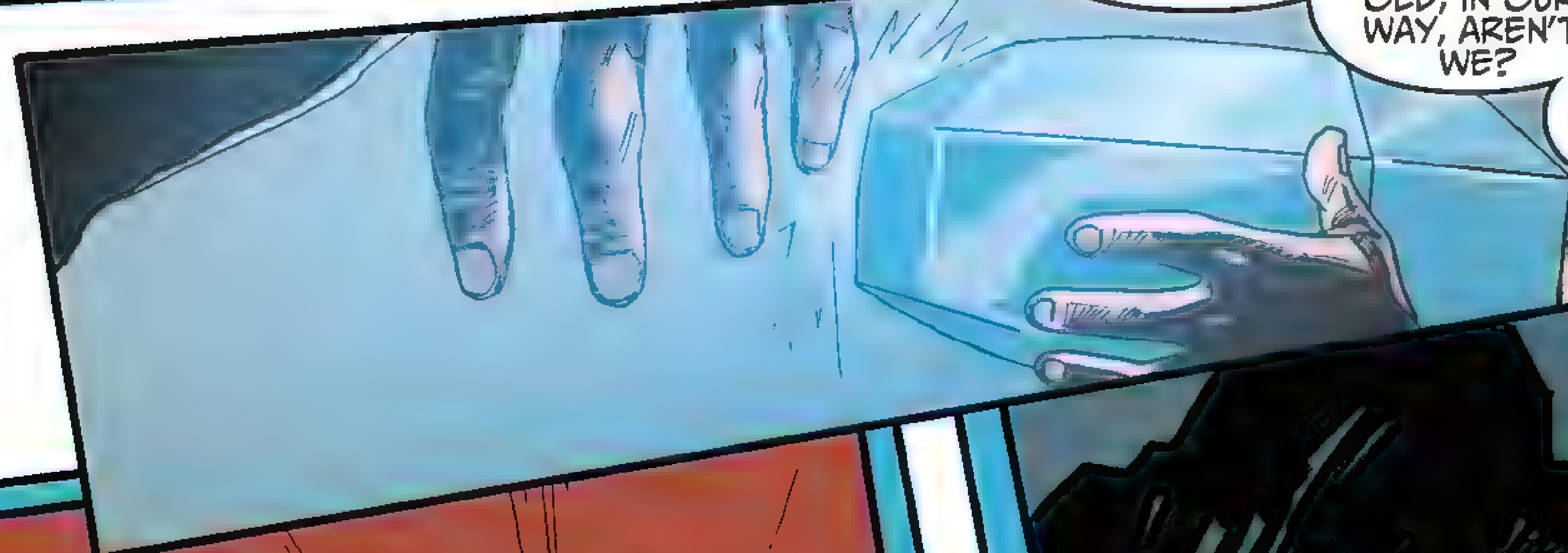
TOO LATE... I CAN'T HAVE BEEN. TOO LATE.

I SAW YOU IN HONG KONG. THEY LET ME COME ON A MISSION. TO SEE THE ENEMY.

WHAT WAS IN ME RECOGNIZED WHAT WAS IN YOU.

WE'RE BOTH SO VERY OLD, IN OUR WAY, AREN'T WE?

OUR BLOOD, LACED WITH SECRETS...

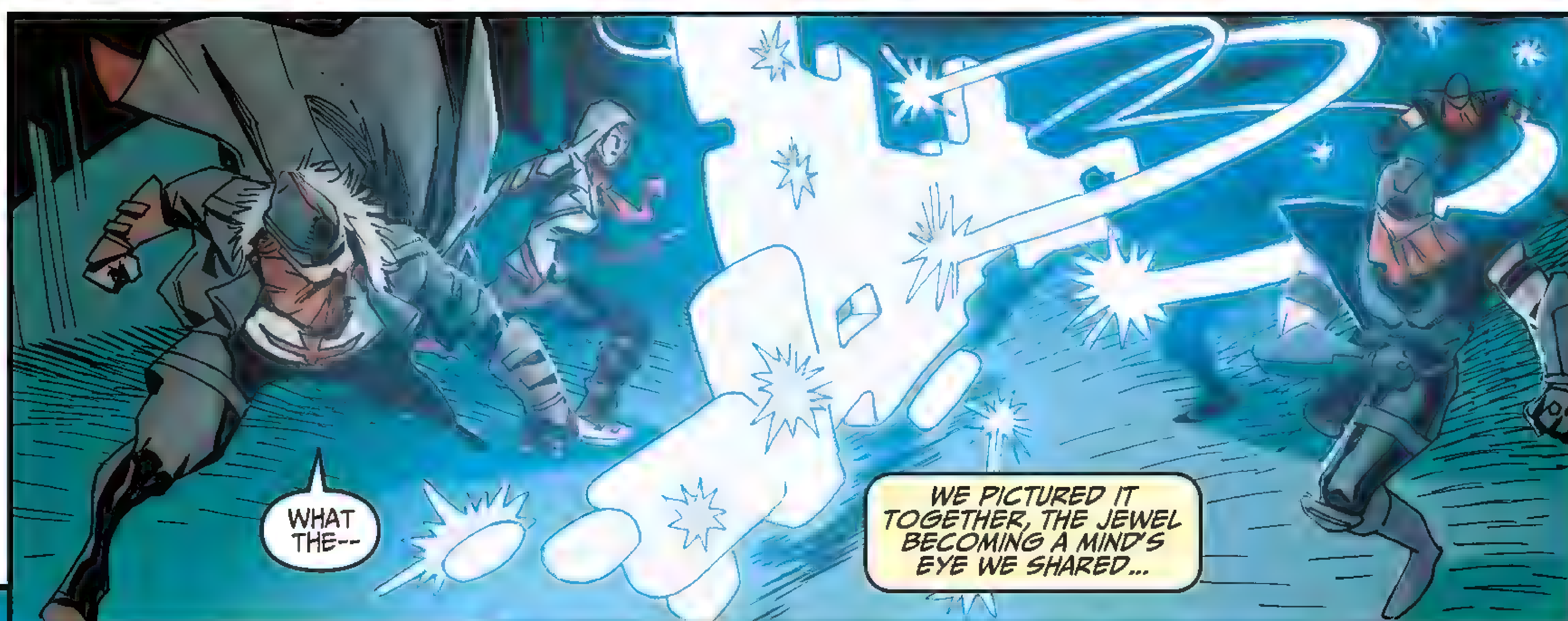
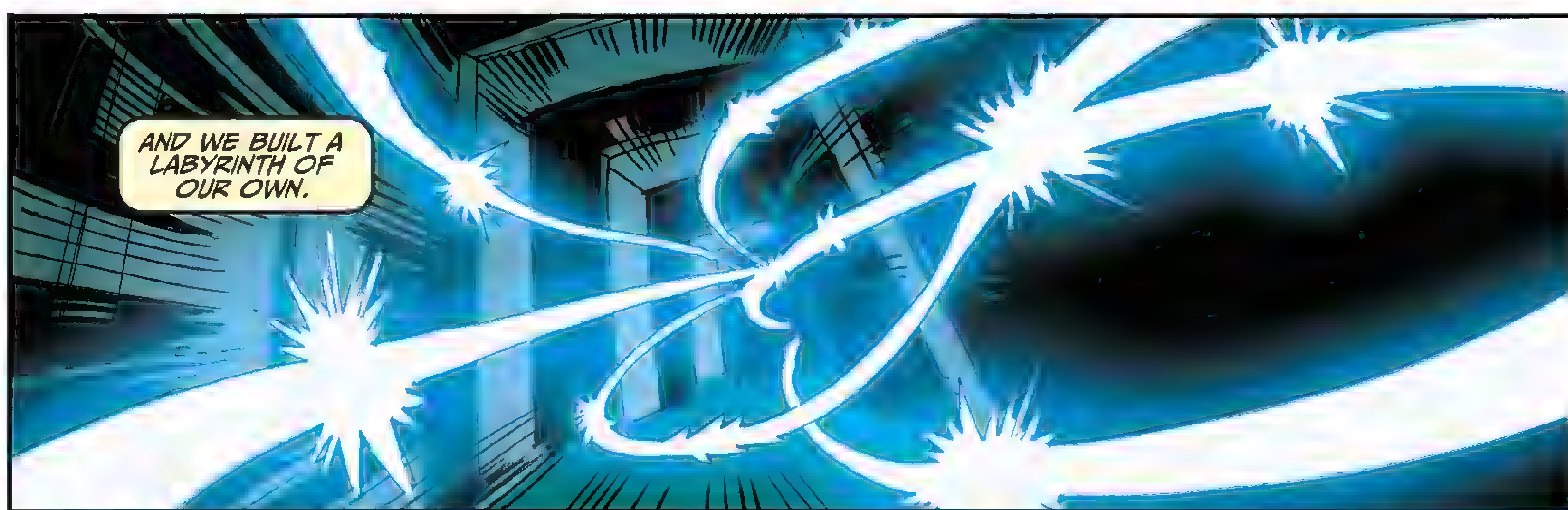
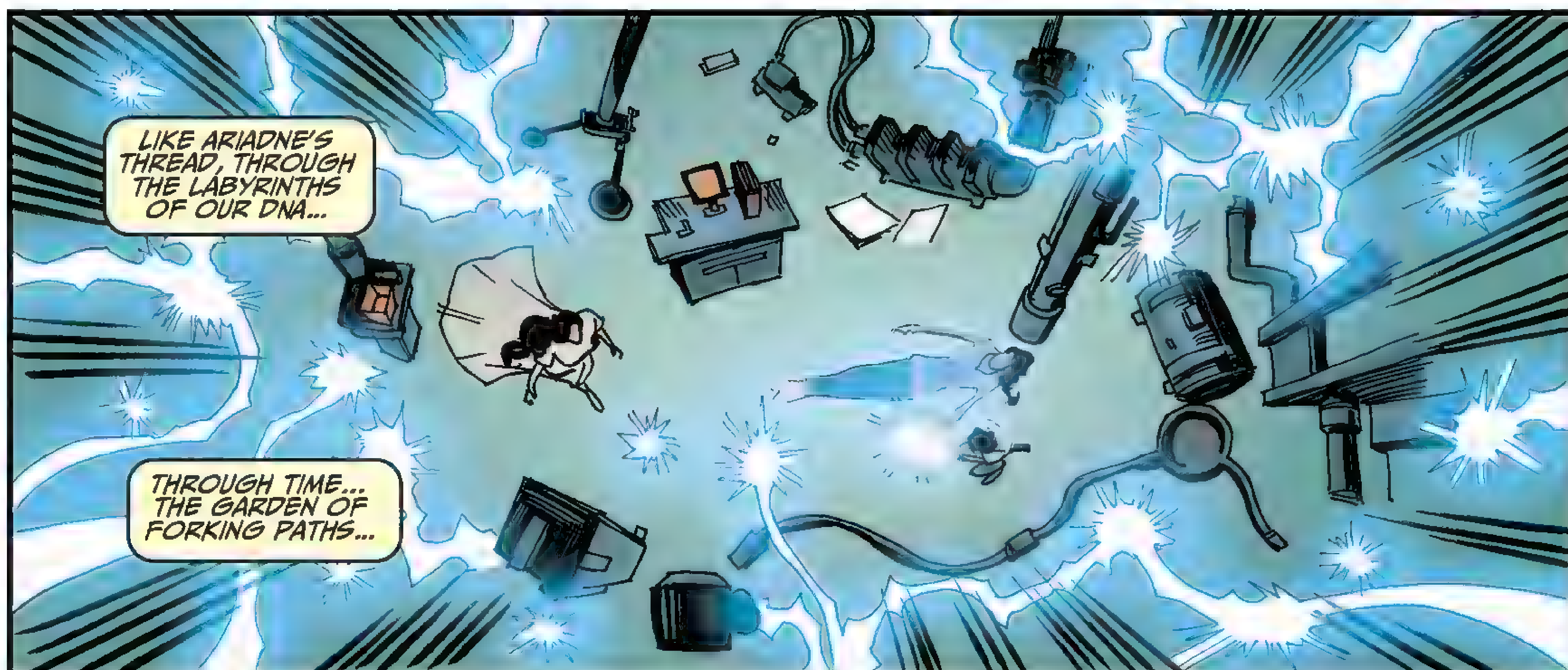


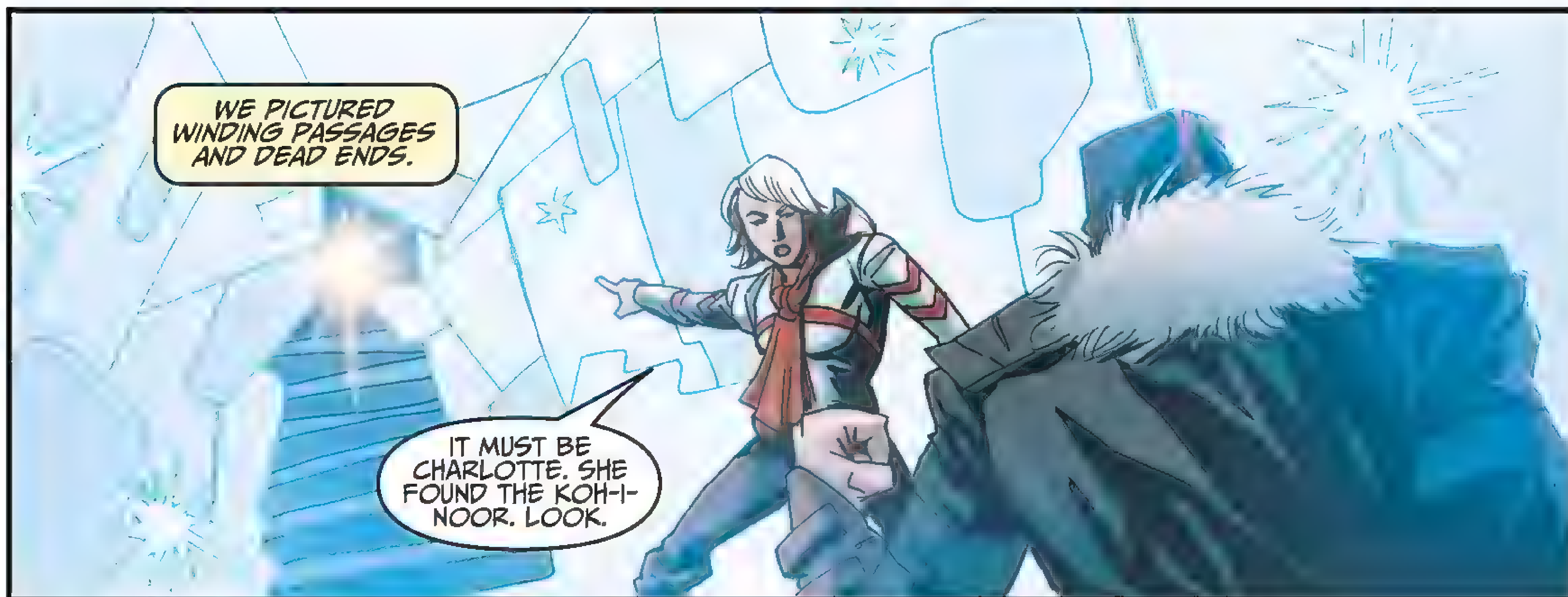
"I WILL HELP YOU GUIDE IT."



HNH?

AND THE JEWEL LINKED US TOGETHER...







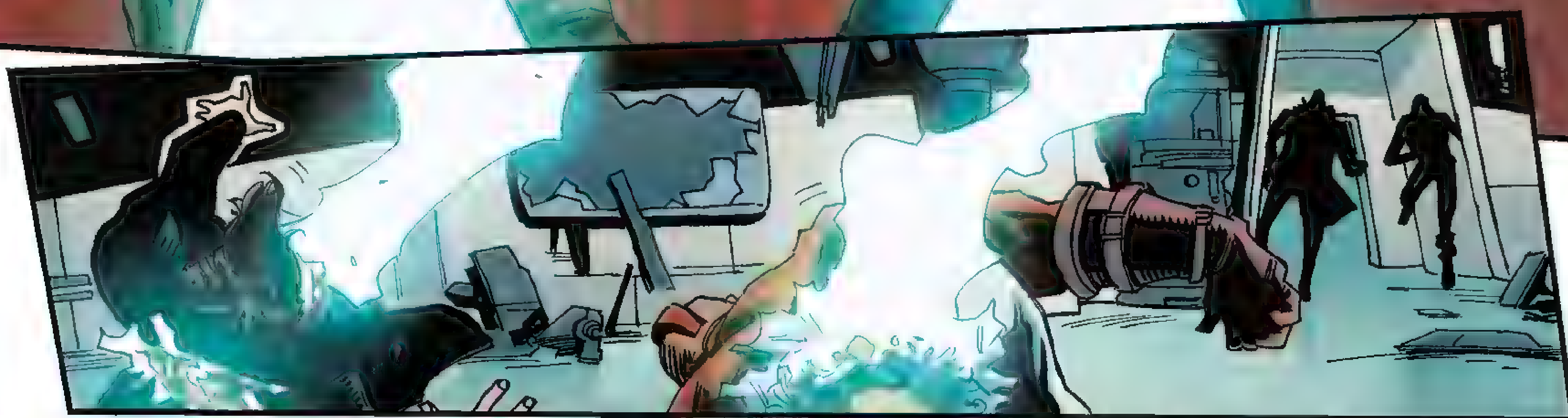
ENOUGH!

HOW DARE YOU PLACE HANDS ON A PIECE OF EDEN? EVEN NOW YOUR ONLY WEAPON IS OUR OWN BLOOD.

WELL, I CAN SOON DRAIN YOU OF THAT.

HEY, CHAR, HOLD OUR BEERS.

NO!





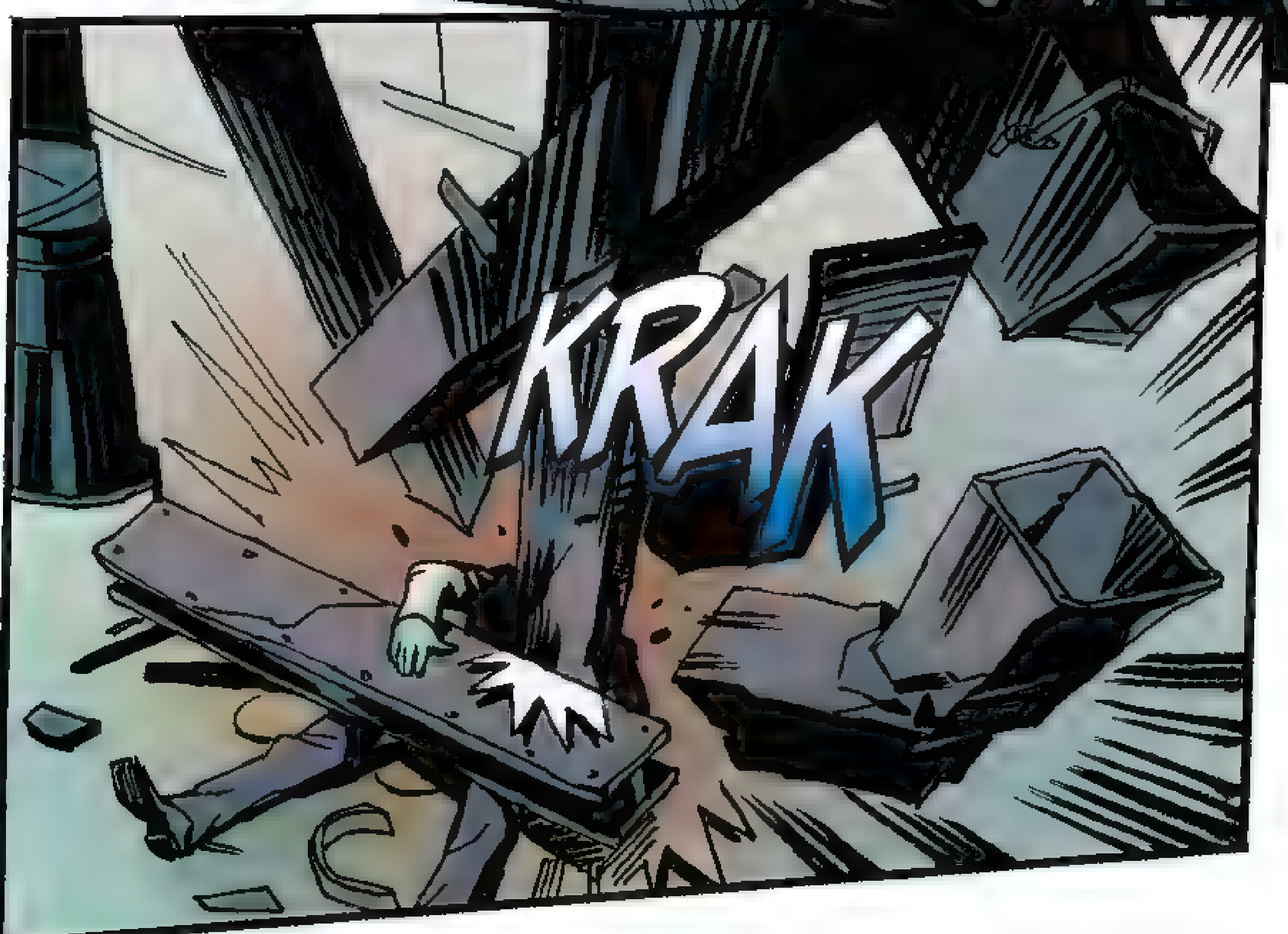
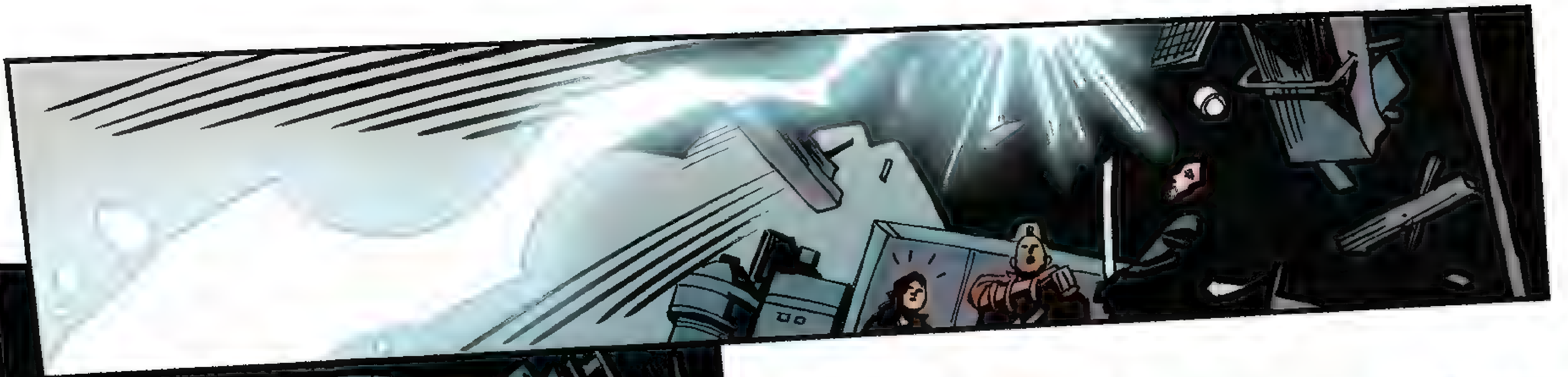
YOU. NO. YOU CAN'T BE HERE.

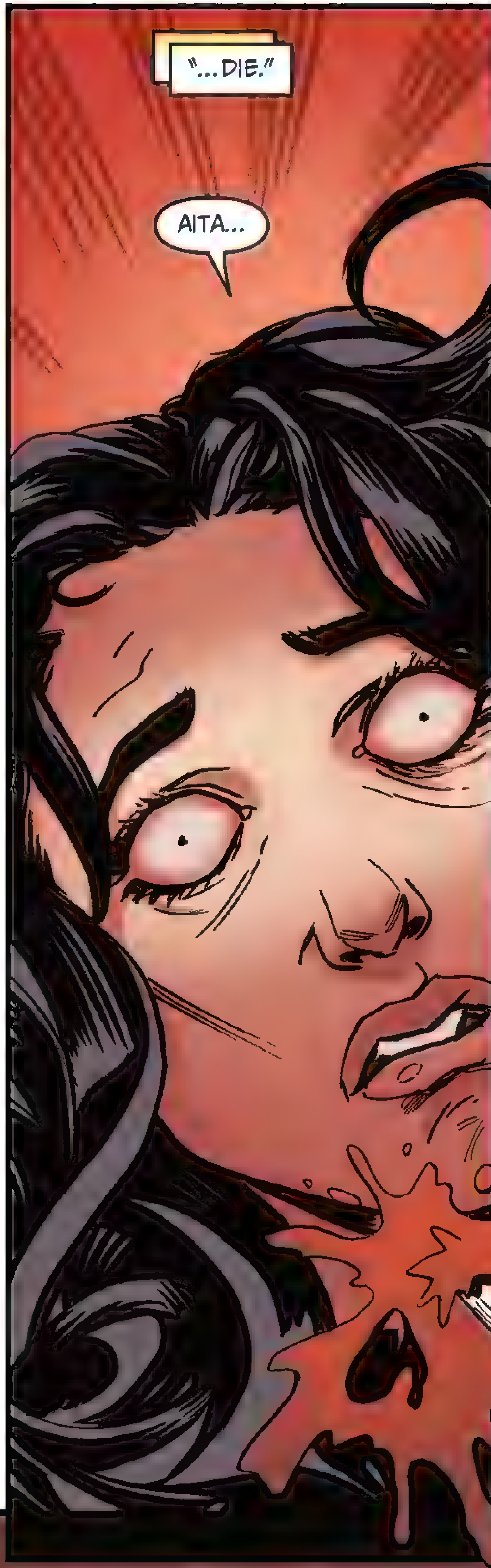
CONSUS.

YET HERE I STAND, CHILD.

LOOK AT YOU. A NEW BODY, SO FRESH AND PURE. BUT YOUR HEART, CHILD; YOUR HEART IS AS DEAD AS A MOON.









BERG,
COME ON,
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?!

CHARLOTTE!

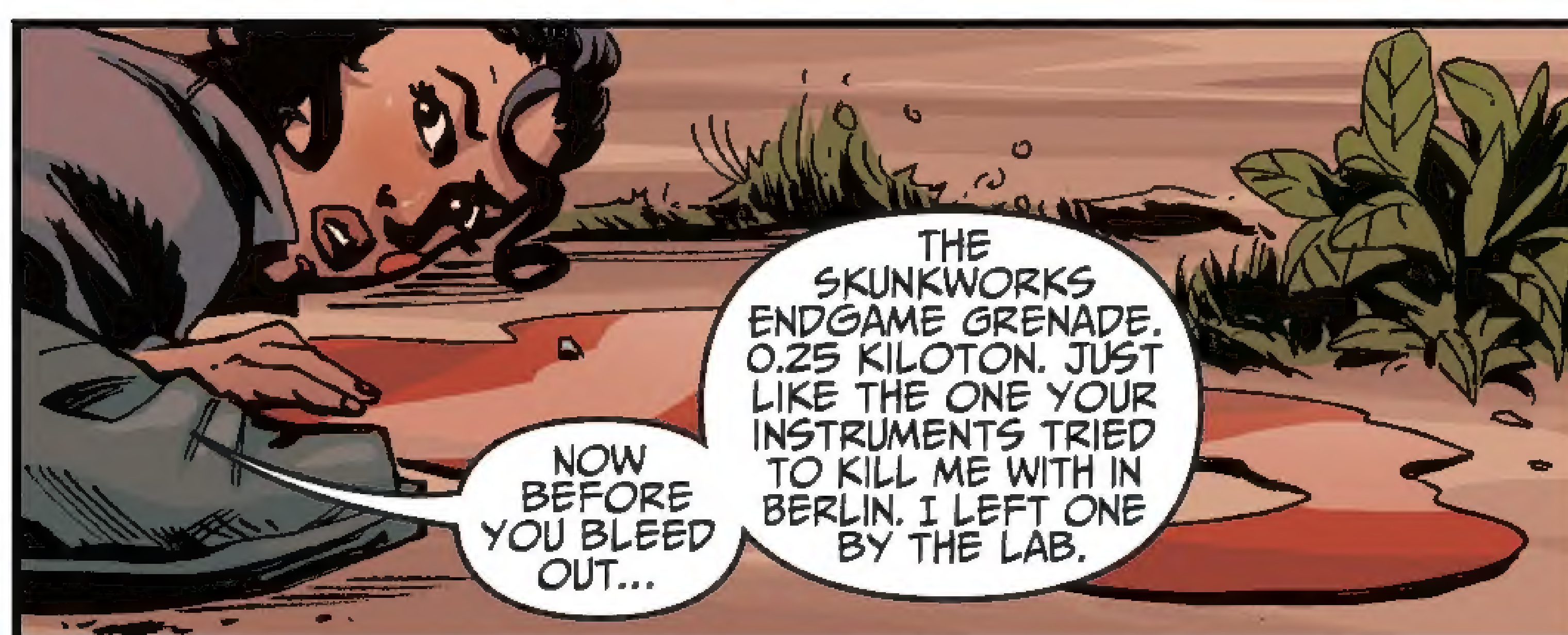
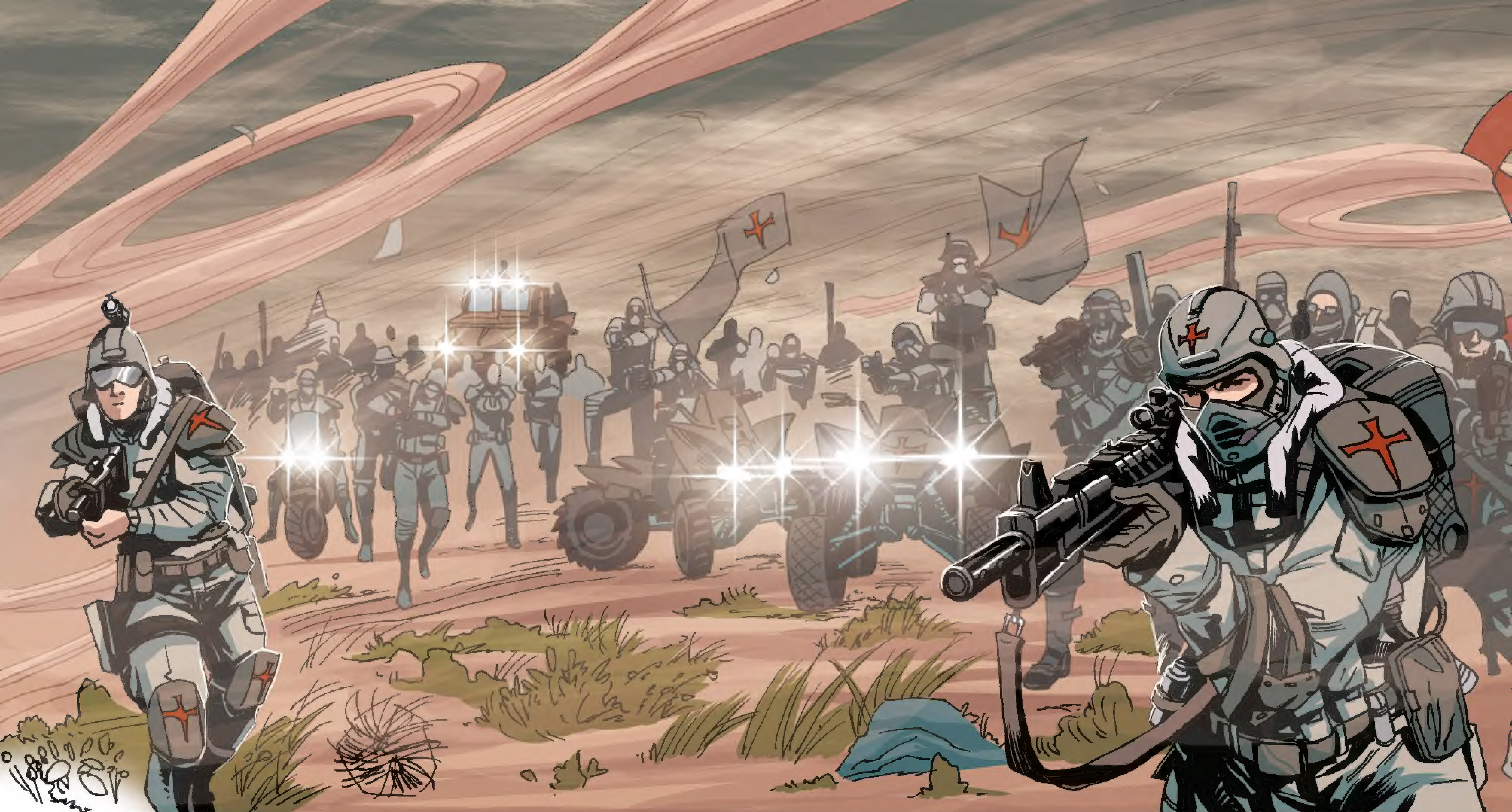
THIS
WHOLE PLACE IS
COLLAPSING.

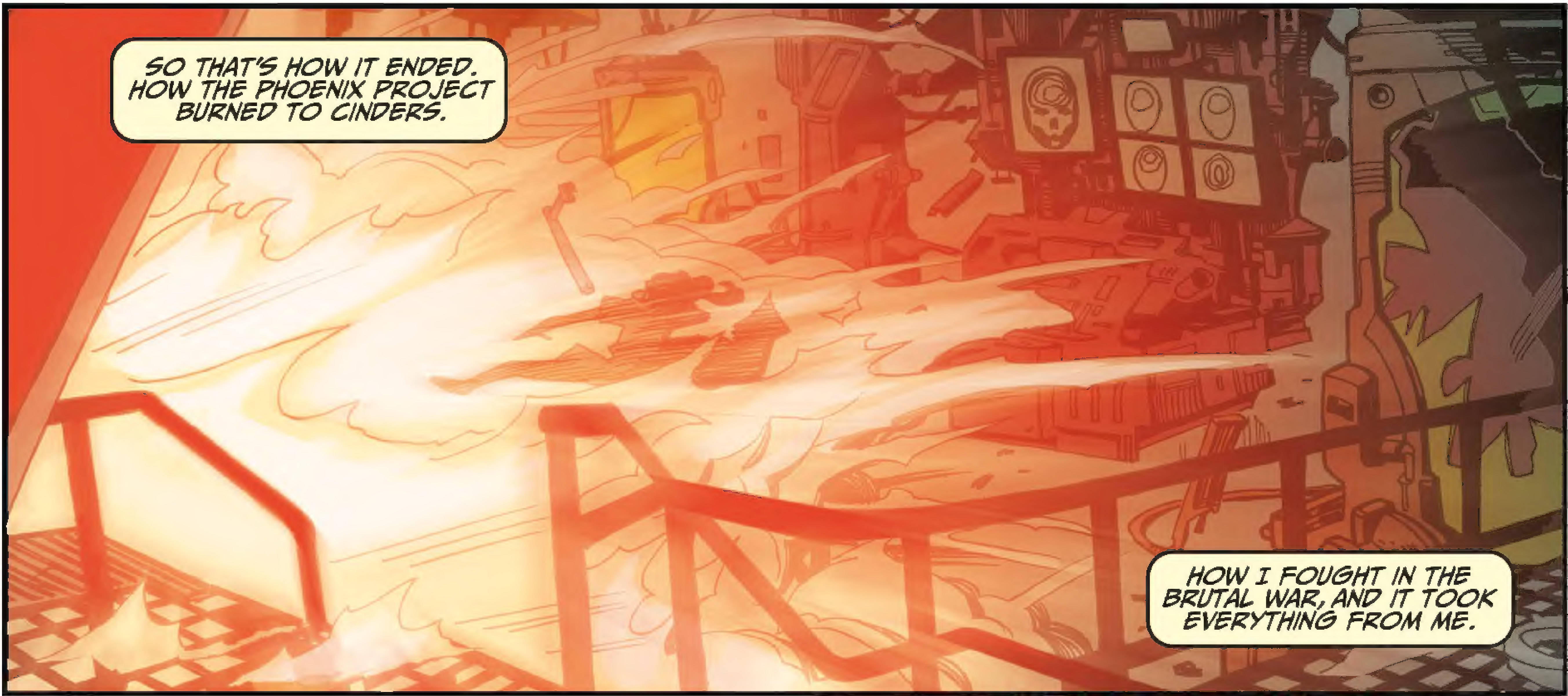
WHERE IS
SHE? WHERE'S
JUNO? IF YOU'VE
HURT HER, I WILL
MAKE IT SLOW
AND PAINFUL.

AH.

YOU'RE *SUCH*
A DISAPPOINTMENT
TO ME, VIOLET.









SO THAT'S HOW IT ENDED.
HOW THE PHOENIX PROJECT
BURNED TO CINDERS.

HOW I FOUGHT IN THE
BRUTAL WAR, AND IT TOOK
EVERYTHING FROM ME.



I DON'T KNOW
YOU, BUT I KNOW
YOU'LL BE HERE
ONE DAY. LOOKING
BACK ON MY TODAY.

YOU'LL FIND A DROP OF
BLOOD ON A SCRAP OF
AN OLD WHITE HOODIE
OR PULL THE BRITTLE
TEETH FROM MY GRAVE.



AND YOU'LL CARRY ME
BACK HERE WITH YOU.

BUT UNTIL THEN,
THIS WAR IS OVER
FOR ME.



PERHAPS I WAS
ALWAYS JUST A DREAM.

YOU'LL HAVE TO
FOLLOW ANOTHER TO
LEARN THE REST OF IT.

END

[illegible]